



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

COMIC
29
SEPT.

BY WARREN
BAULDRIDGE

WHAT UNSPEAKABLE
EVIL IS FOUND IN THE
**SUMMER
HOUSE?**



THE WORLD'S
GREATEST COMIC
ARTISTS BRING YOU
LAST LAUGH
SPELLBOUND
BLOODY MARY



50¢

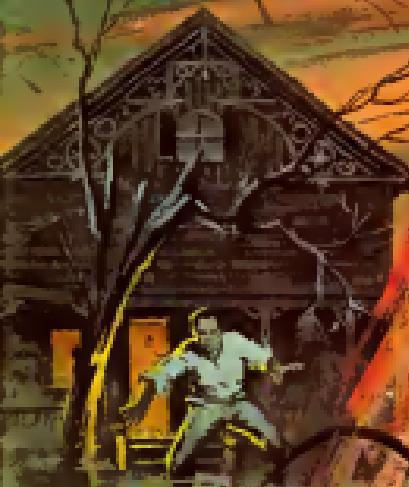
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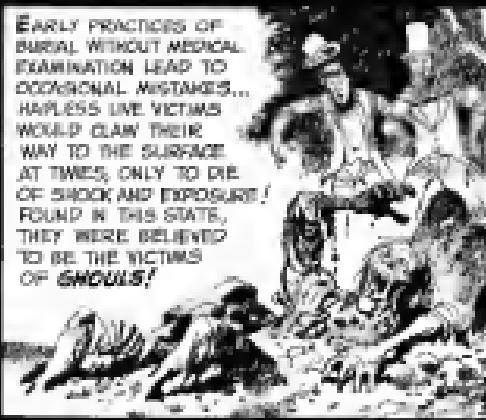
A GHOUL IS, ACCORDING TO WEBSTER, AN IMAGINARY EVIL BEING WHO ROBS GRAVES AND FEEDS UPON CORPSE. PERHAPS WEBSTER WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WORD IMAGINARY IF HE HAD, AS YOU'RE GOING TO NOW, SEEN THE GRAVE FACTS IN...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

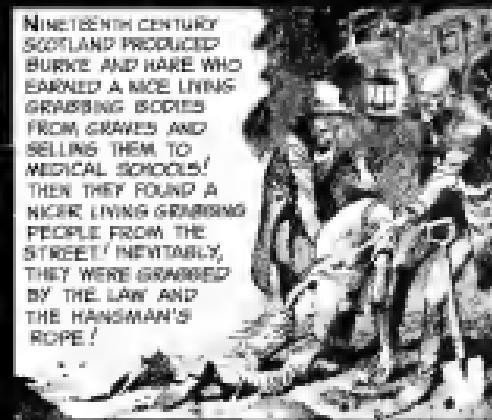
PRIMITIVE MAN BELIEVED BY EATING THE HEART AND BRAINS OF A SLAIN ENEMY, HE COULD INCREASE HIS OWN COURAGE AND SKILL IN BATTLE...AND IN RACING HIS WIFE'S COOKING.



EARLY PRACTICES OF BURIAL WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION LEAD TO OCCASIONAL MISTAKES... HAPLESS LIVID VICTIMS WOULD CLAW THEIR WAY TO THE SURFACE AT TIMES, ONLY TO DIE OF SHOCK AND EXPOSURE! FOUND IN THIS STATE, THEY WERE BELIEVED TO BE THE VICTIMS OF **SHOULS!**



NINETEENTH CENTURY SCOTLAND PRODUCED BURKE AND HARE WHO EARNED A NICE LIVING GRABBING BODIES FROM GRAVES AND SELLING THEM TO MEDICAL SCHOOLS! THEN THEY FOUND A NICER LIVING GRABBING PEOPLE FROM THE STREET! NEVERTHELESS, THEY WERE GRABBED BY THE LAW AND THE HANGMAN'S ROPE!



PARIS WAS OUTRAGED BY THE ACTIVITIES OF A SERGEANT BERTRAND OF THE FRENCH ARMY, A GHOUl IN THE CLASSIC SENSE. BERTRAND WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE WHEN THE AUTHORITIES LOST INTEREST IN THE CLASSICS.



ARE THERE GHOUls AROUND TODAY? DON'T COUNT THEM OUT! WHO REALLY KNOWS FOR SURE THE HABITS OF THE PERSON NEXT TO HIM? AFTER ALL, ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S PERSON!





CREEPY

NO. 29

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HAYES, BUDDY SAUNDERS

CONTENTS

LOATHSOME LORE

Prepare yourself for some preposterous prattling

2

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

Crushing correspondence from our crew of charmed chums

4

THE SUMMER HOUSE

A young vacation ends

5

ANGEL OF DOOM

Loathsome evil flies on wings of night

13

SPELLBOUND

This confusing compendium is certain to enthrall your curiosity

19

BLOODY MARY

Pack your space case as we race to a place in the sun

23

THE DEVIL OF THE MARSH

The Great Marsh hides a strange evil. One can never cross there

35

CREEPY FAN CLUB

Embrace frantic adoration

41

THE FRANKENSTEIN TRADITION

Doctors attempting to create life instead create mayhem

43

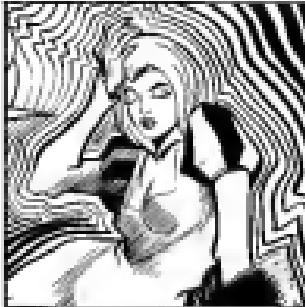
LAST LAUGH

Be careful your giggles don't turn into gargoyle

51



Page 23



Page 23



Page 23



Page 23



Page 23



Page 23

MAIL



MURRAY and DRACULA? You could put some good books into those stories.

JACK AGNEW
Magna Park, N.Y.

The WRITER can sometimes make a big, stinky **WRONG**... Just consider... so Jack, be quick and don't get your TALEI bound more than once!

I just bought issue #27 and was shocked! There, for the first time in ten issues, was Frazetta cover. I had given up hope of ever seeing one again. I opened the magazine with apprehension of change, rather than the good writing but alas, found it SOLY, original. It is a reader of all, and would like to make a few suggestions. Please Mr. Frazetta, more, new material. Have some of the old gang back—like Ditko, Crandall, Morris, Gene Colan, etc. Revert back to the old style covers, with more numbers, repeats and title. Specifically, how about issues #7, #8, #9, #10. Simple and profited the issue much better than gaudy covers. Head on to Frazetta and if possible get Adams for cover contributions. In conclusion, CREEPY has the potential to become great again. Keep pushing and I hope you make changes that will benefit everyone.

EDWARD SADLONSKI, JR.
Paramus, New Jersey

Trying to hold onto PEDRO-CHEES FRANK FRAZETTA is sort of like trying to hold a tape that's been beaten in but not. NO WAY... I just know Frazetta has hopes, except... anyone for me?

CREEPY #27 was just great! It was the best I've read, at least since last issue. COLLECTOR'S EDITION was a reprint, but one I didn't mind. I am waiting a long time for them to return. Finally he did. The best stories in this order were: COFFIN OF DRACULA, SURPRISE PACKAGE (which really surprised me), BARBARIAN OF PEAR, MAKE UP YOUR MIND, BRAIN TRUST and COLLECTOR'S EDITION. I am from New York and I ready use another letter from here. Why is that?

MICHAEL PAUNGARDHRY,
New York, N.Y.

Maybe you're the only silly-billy from pony city who happens to write... ever think of that? Wake up dormouse... you're not righting our writing! I'll bet you there's been at least... ONE letter from SUMM CITY before this one. Find out!

CREEPY #27 was superb! MAKE UP YOUR MIND was too great for words. Bill Frazetta

really let his mind go on that pamphlet. COLLECTOR'S EDITION, although it was a reprint, had great art work. Thanks to Steve Ditko. My only complaint is, why don't you publish CREEPY twice a month? I can hardly wait those four weeks between editions.

DANNY JOHNSON,
Omaha, Neb.

OK... my aching back. You're asking for double trouble. Gassy boy!... Try reading each issue FOUR times; that ought to keep you busy between fight times.

Finally CREEPY is showing a few signs of returning to its former greatness. I speak of Frazetta's, dazzling cover on issue #23. The next best aspect of CREEPY #27 was the Fan Club, and the best fan EVER seen in either magazine. Most of the contributors have been rather childlike. As for LOATHSOME LOVE, the subject was interesting but the artwork, typical of Gary Gianni, looked rushed. Of the three, new stories the issue, BARBARIAN OF PEAR was the best. However, Frazetta's script was confusing. The illustration by Tom Sutton, the best comic artist you have ever seen, was excellent. One more item, the cover colors were devastating. The colors have become too saturated. Finally I have only one criticism of that cover on CREEPY #25; sandy there were more!

JASON THOMAS,
Gary, Indiana

Not only is the LETTER page disHEARTENING, full of face... I, in my book, you're sure to find some glib, bloodthirsty, distasteful, and even some disfiguring pages, flicking your eyes when you try my neckline on for size.

You must be slipping in your idea department, Uncle CREEPY #27 had some ding in it but it was still very hot. COLLECTOR'S EDITION was one of the better issues and my hopes began to rise. MAKE UP YOUR MIND was even better because of that science ending. Then THE COFFIN OF DRACULA popped up, dull, flat, dark and plain Country BARBARIAN OF PEAR was no better to my stomach and for funnies, I made it to the Psycho Chamber. BRAIN TRUST was back on the right track and I thank you for a story I think was worth the money I paid for the issue. SURPRISE PACKAGE was a big surprise and I dumped the rest into the trash. By the way, have you ever bought plastic surgery? On page four you looked like your old self, hand soff's, cool, etc. Then at page thirteen you looked... um, like What goes on?

JAY JOHNSON,
Edgewater, Md.

So it's hot, is it? How'd YOU feel, equal buddy if your shock took a shock in the crack? I know! FRAY JAK, come to try a belt he might yourself!

Your magazine doesn't give me the creeps anymore. I see in BARBARIAN OF PEAR, when Thorin struck the Mongol with his sword no blood flowed. That was kind of dry don't you think? I want more gore, more magic, more vampires, goblins, werewolves, witches, warlocks and demons! Keep up the gory at the end of your stories. It makes it easier for me to sleep.

LOVY HOLLOWAY,
Monticello, Va.

AH HA... and pray, tell me what have you got against mermaids and zombies and ghosts? They're demanding equal time in my three columns. Believe it or not, I would still close my eyes tonight... you might GIFT what you've wished!

CREEPY #27 started off fine with a tribute to a true master, Boris Karloff. The first of several returns, COLLECTOR'S EDITION was fine, but MAKE UP YOUR MIND was a bony BARBARIAN OF PEAR and SURPRISE PACKAGE were both drab. Surprisingly, in issue #28, you've got a plot that's been done to death, a twisted cover on TV shows. I think UNCUT CREEPY should stop being run with COULDIE EENIE since he's starting to go to the gay-pride too!

KENNETH LANGSTON,
Glenwood, New Jersey

Some of my best friends are gayboys, so what? After all... what's a gayboy to do without a girl-boy?

I've increased my CREEPY tally to 14, and every one of them were just great. Now on issue #27, the cover by Frazetta was absolutely beautiful. Why the other reprints BARBARIAN OF PEAR was a good story. COLLECTOR'S EDITION was the best story this issue. SURPRISE PACKAGE was a surprise package. I didn't know that you and Jerry Jeff were from another planet. MAKE UP YOUR MIND was superb! I also enjoyed LOATHSOME LOVE on Boris Karloff. Good issue!

JIM BODDIF,

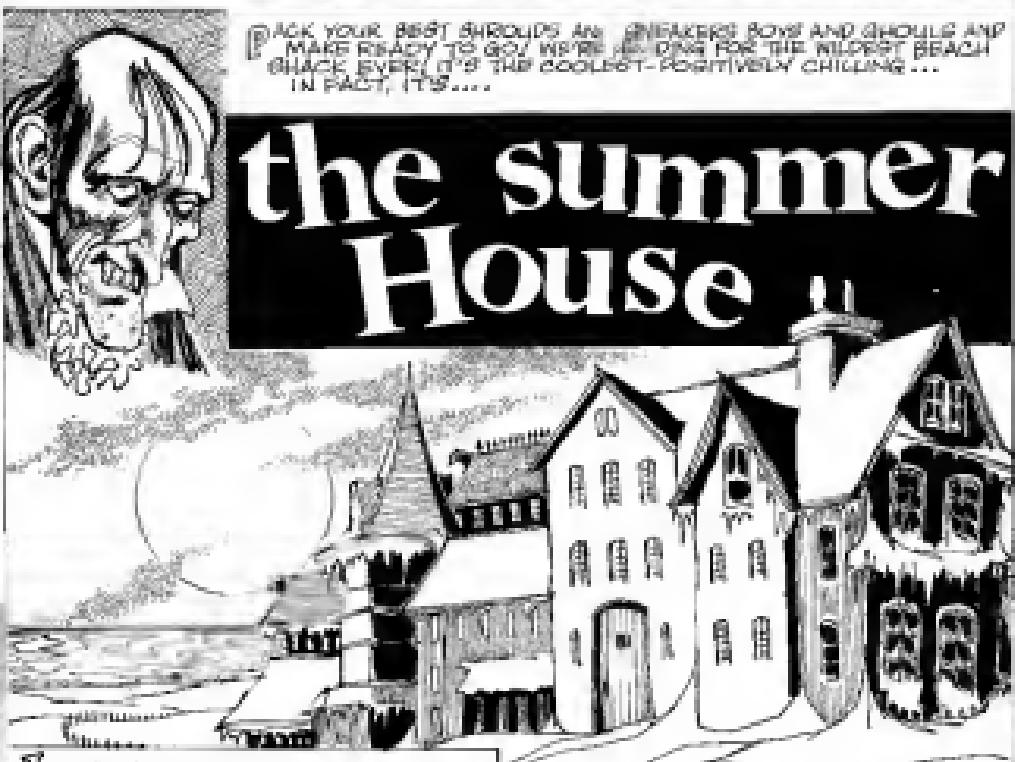
St. Louis, Mo.

Well, I can't speak for old REED FACE (my COUSIN CORN)... but I can assure that your SPUNKY UNK is DUTCH THIS WORLD! And don't you forget it!

Want to write and add to your journal? Send letters to: CREEPY SURVIVOR,
P.O. Box 18000

PACK YOUR BEST SHROUDS AND SINKERS! BOYS AND GIRLS AND MAKE READY TO GO! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE WILDEST BEACH CHANCE EVER! IT'S THE COOLEST - POSITIVELY CHILLING ... IN FACT, IT'S ...

the summer House



IT WAS A BIG, OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, FILLED IN SUMMER WITH PEOPLE AND LAUGHTER, BUT IN WINTERTIME, WHEN ALL THE SUMMER PEOPLE WENT HOME, SOMETHING HAPPENED. THE HOUSE CHANGED. IT RESENTED INTRUDERS! SLOANE SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT - HE NEVER SHOULD HAVE GONE BACK.

I'LL MARRY YOU, SLOANE, NO MATTER WHAT YOUR MOTHER OR ANYONE ELSE HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT!

THERE WON'T BE MUCH MONEY AND NO LIEUTENANT WILL EVER GET TO THAT.



© VIVIEN MORSEON'S BEAUTY AND SPIRIT MADE HER A LEGEND, LOVED BY MANY. SHE LOVED ONLY ... SLOANE PEARSON - A STRUGGLING YOUNG PAINTER.



© LOANE'S MOTHER, A WEALTHY WIDOW, COULD EASILY HELP THE YOUNG COUPLE. STILL SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, SLOANE AND SYLVIE FACE HER, AND...



FOR DAYS AND HOURS AND MILES, SLOANE FILLED HER HEAD WITH HAPPY MEMORIES OF THE BUNNY OLD HOUSE THAT WOULD BE HER HOME....

© GOLDIE - THIS EVIL-LOOKING BUILDING GLARING DOWN SO ANGRILY AT HER - IS SLOANE'S SUMMER HOUSE? IT COULDN'T BE - UNLESS...



THIS WON'T BE SO BAD WITH
SOME LIFE IN IT - YOU'LL
MAKE IT GREAT, BABY.



IT IS SEVERAL HOURS LATER AND SYLVIE CANNOT
STEM HER GROWING TERROR. SHE FEELS SHE'S BEING WATCHED - DESPISED....

HEY - YOU'RE
PRETTY NERVOUS.
AREN'T YOU?

NO, IT'S JUST -
I KEEP SEEING
SOMETHING...
NOTHING -

SUDDENLY, SYLVIE TURNS AND SLOANIS
CAN FEEL THE FEAR IN HER.

LIKE THAT! DID
YOU SEE IT?
SLOANIS? DID YOU?

YOU'RE TIRED, BABY.
LET'S GET SOME
SLEEP. WE'LL CLEAN
UP TOMORROW.

BUT SYLVIE'S SLEEP WAS TROUBLED. SHE
COULD FEEL SOMETHING - THE HOUSE -
WATCHING HER IN AND SHE COULD FEEL
ITS HATRED FOR HER GROWING....

AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT, SYLVIE
IS HAPPY TO BE BUSY.

IF WE GOT RID OF
SOME OF THIS JUNK -

CREEAK -



IT'S - IT'S NOTHING. JUST A CREAKY OLD DOOR IN A CREAKY OLD HOUSE.

THE PICTURES SUDDENLY REMIND SLOANE OF SOMETHING...

THEY ALL DO IT - ALL OF THE DOORS, AND LOOK AT THE PICTURES.

I REMEMBER NOW! IT WAS ALWAYS THIS WAY RIGHT AFTER...

RIGHT AFTER WINTER - THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? YOUR MOTHER WAS RIGHT, IT'S ONLY A SUMMER HOUSE. IN WINTER, IT CHANGES - IT HAS A LIFE OF ITS OWN!

...AND IT HATES US FOR INTRUDING!

NO - IT'S BUILT ON SAND - IT SHIFTS.

IT WANTS US OUT OF HERE. LET'S GO NOW - BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

FOR ANHILE, ALL WAS CALM. SOME FOOD DISAPPEARED, BUT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY WINTER-SHARNED SQUIRRELS. BY NIGHTFALL, SLOANE HOPE THEY WOULD STAY, BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

GIVE IT ONE MORE DAY, SYLVIE. TOMORROW, IF YOU STILL FEEL THIS WAY, WE'LL GO.

SLOANE! SLOANE!





AT SYLVIE'S WORDS THE ENTIRE HOUSE IS FILLED INTO DARKNESS AND SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION REND THE AIR.

DON'T MOVE, SYLVIE! I'LL GET DARKNESS!

CRASH CRASH TINKLE WOOOSH

EVERY PANE OF WINDOW GLASS IS GONE, CHATTERING, IT SEEMS BY THEMSELVES, NOR CAN ELDANE DISCOVER WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEIR LIGHTS. SUPERNATURALLY, SYLVIE, BUT ONLY HIS KNOWLEDGE OF LEAVES HAS KEPT SYLVIE FROM CRACKING.

A SUDDEN SHADOW CROSSED ELDANE'S FACE, AND ELDANE KNOWS WHY THEY CAN'T LEAVE.

I WON'T STAY HERE. I WON'T!



AT ONCE IS WORDS, NATURE HERSELF TAKES OFFENCE. THE WIND BECOMES A FANTASTIC GALE - HAILSTONES THE SIZE OF BOULDERS RAIN DOWN ON THE HOUSE!

I WON'T SPEND ANOTHER MINUTE SO BE EATEN BY THIS MONSTER!

WE'RE TRAPPED! NOW THE HOUSE WON'T LET US GO!

WE HAVE TO WAIT - BUT I'LL WATCH OVER YOU. I PROMISE!

BY NOW EVEN SLOANE IS THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED, BUT HE MUST CONTROL HIMSELF FOR EYLVIE'S SAKE. BEAUTIFUL EYLVIE - NEAR MADNESS - HE'D DO ANYTHING FOR HER ...

EXHAUSTED WITH WORRY AND FEAR, HE SUCUMBED TO BLURRED SLEEP.

OH! I MUST HAVE DOZED FOR A MOMENT - ABS VOLA -

GOOD GOD!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?



I'M SORRY SYLVIE! IT
DON'T MATTER-I LOVE YOU!

WHEN SLOANE REACHED THE
PLACE WHERE SYLVIE'S VOICE
HAD COME FROM, HE FINDS
NO ONE...BUT HE NOTICES
SOMETHING...

...NOT ALL THE WINDOWS WILD
BURN BROWN. ONE HAD BEEN
SCARED FOR SYLVIE TO BE
HIDDEN UP IN -BUT WHERE
WAS SHE???



EDWARD SEARCHED THE HOUSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, BUT HE CAN FIND SYLVIE NOWHERE. AND HE KNOWS HE'D NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.

-AND I LOVED YOU, YOU MONSTER! BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR YOU. YOU COULDN'T STOP ME LOVING HER, SO YOU DESTROYED HER! I HATE YOU. YOU CLEVER...

YOU FILTHY HOUSE! YOU UGLY ACCOMMODATION! YOU STOLE HER FROM ME - FIRST HER BEAUTY - THEN HER!

YOU - MADNESS!

HOW SILLY! THIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - EVEN THOUGH THEY DIDN'T WANT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT ACCIDENTAL WOMAN!

-BUT THIS BROKEN WINDOW - AND THE WEATHER BEATING IT - WASN'T THAT BAD A MINUTE?

IT WASN'T UNTIL LATE SPRING THAT ANYONE REALIZED EDWARD AND SYLVIE HAD DISAPPEARED. AND TRY AS THEY MIGHT, NO ONE COULD FIND THEM. MOST EVERYONE FIGURED THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE FOUND. THAT SYLVIE HAD FINALLY GOT THEM AWAY FROM HER MOTHER - BUT MOST FEAREDON KNEW IT WAS THE HOUSE. AND WHEN EDWARD AGREED TO SELL IT, SHE MADE THE BROKER PROMISE TO TELL EVERY PERSPECTIVE CUSTOMER, SO....

YEAH, THAT'S THE OLD LADY'S STORY - SHE WAS A BEAUTY THAT SYLVIE - BUT SHE NEVER DID LIKE THE OLD LADY OF THE HOUSE...



PRIMITIVE MAN HAS EVOLVED, CHANGED, SLOWLY EMERGING AS A LEADING FORCE IN THE WORLD, ESTABLISHING FIRST FOOTHOLDS OF CIVILIZATION... BUT OTHER FORCES YIELD SLOWLY, RETREATING TO THE SHADOWS, LURKING UNTIL FALL OF NIGHT WHEN PRIMORDIAL FEAR SWELLS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN... AND THE NEXT SOUND ON THE WIND MAY BE THE...

ANGEL of DOOM!



THE SETTING SUN RETREATED BEFORE THE CRUSHING TIDE OF NIGHT, ITS FAILING RAYS ETCHING HIGHLIGHTS OF RED ON THE HARD MUSCLED FORM OF THE YOUNG WARRIOR, POISED DEFINITELY IN THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY. HIS BODY TENSED AND TREMBLED WITH UNBROKEN ANGER, HIS EYES BLAZED LIKE WHITE-HOT COALS, AND HIS HUSKY SHOUTING VOICE ROARED VEHMENTLY TO THE CRAGGY SURROUNDING PEAKS...

HEAR ME! HEAR ME, DARK ANGEL OF NIGHT! BE YOU MESSIAS OF LONG-DEAD GODS OR HAIBINGER OF HORRORS TO COME, I CHALLENGE YOU!

TOPP
SCOPES

ELSEWHERE, MEN DID NOT RAGE AT AND DEFY THE APPROACHING NIGHT. IN THE NEARBY VILLAGE THEY GATHERED IN THE HUT OF YASHOUR, HIGH PRIEST AND SOOTHSAVER, HULDING FEARFULLY TO THE WARMTH AND PROTECTION OF THE FIRE, LISTENING TO THE DISTANT SHOUTING.

THANE IS RASH, YET THERE IS BRAVERY IN WHAT HE DOES...

THANE IS A FOOL! HE DEFIES THE WILL OF THE GODS AND OUR OWN JUDGMENTS... HE WILL BE DESTROYED AS WERE THE OTHERS!

AIEEEEEEEE

FOR MONTHS NIGHTFALL HAD BROUGHT FORTH UNKNOWN TERROR. VILLAGERS TURNED INTO THE DARKNESS OFTEN NEVER RETURNED. ONLY THESE CHILLING SCREAMS WERE HEARD, ACCOMPANIED BY THE TERRIBLE BEAT OF UNSEEN WINGS. SPLASHES OF BLOOD OCCASIONALLY MARKING THE SPOT WHERE LAST THEY STOOD...

ALL TURNED TO THE PRIEST EXCEPT ONE.

THIS IS THE THINKING OF FRIGHT. WE HAVE STRENGTH OF NUMBERS AND FORCE OF ARMS. I SAY FIGHT THIS BLASPHEMY THAT HAUNTS OUR SOLES!

PANIC SPREAD AND FEAR SWELLED LIKE A DISGUSTING WOUND AND IN THEIR TERROR, ALL TURNED TO YASHOUR.

THE ELDER GODS ARE ANGRIED, THEY'VE BEEN TOO LONG NEGLECTED. THEY SEND FORTH THEIR DARK-WINGED MESSENGERS TO EXACT TRIBUTE!

WE MUST MAKE SACRIFICES.

YASHOUR WAS OBEDIED. LOTS WERE DRAWN AND MONTHLY BLOOD SACRICES MADE. ONE VILLAGER EACH MONTH WAS CAST OUT INTO THE BRUTAL DARKNESS TO BECOME PREY FOR THE HORROR THAT CAME IN FLAPPING WINGS. THEN A GIRL, NOT CHOSEN FOR SACRIFICE, CHANGED OUT ONE NIGHT...

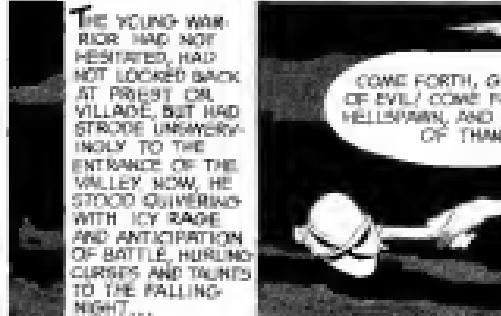
THESE ARE THE HORDES OF YOUTH, RAVIN AND HEATED, WITHOUT THOUGHT! MAKE WAR AGAINST THE GODS! CHOOSE! STIKE THE FIRES OF THEIR WRATH! TO HED THANE IS TO INVITE ANNihilation!

THE GIRL WAS RENAI BRIDE TO THANE!



HE HAVE SHOWN NO SORROW, SHED NO TEARS, BUT HIS DARK EYES BECAME FIERY WITH COLD, GROWING ANGER. HE SAID NOTHING, SPOKE TO NO ONE AND AS THE SUN DIPPED LOW THE NEXT EVENING, THANG STALKED FROM THE VILLAGE, FULLY ARMED.

HEED MY WORDS, HOTHBAID! THIS IS BLASPHEMY! YOU DEFY YOUR PRIEST, YOU DEFY THE ELDER GODS! YOU CANNOT QUESTION THEIR WILL... COME BACK! BLASPHEMER, COME BACK!



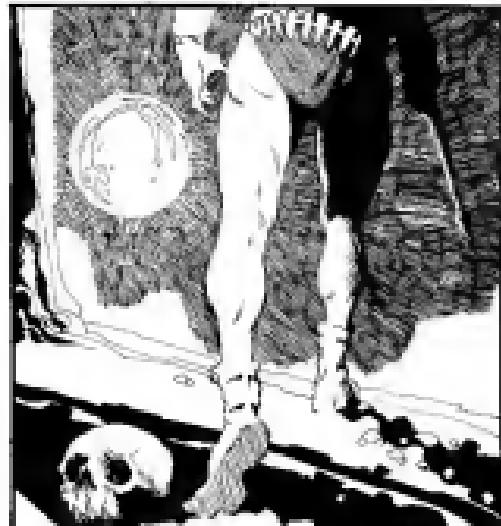
THE YOUNG WARRIOR HAD NOT HESITATED, HAD NOT LOOKED BACK AT PRIEST CAL VILLAGE, BUT HAD STRODE UNHURVINGLY TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE VALLEY. NOW, HE STOOD QUAKING WITH ICY RAGE AND ANTICIPATION OF BATTLE, HURLING CURSES AND TAUNTS TO THE FALLING NIGHT...



COME FORTH, GROSS ANGEL OF EVIL! COME FORTH, WINGED HELLSMARK, AND FEEL THE WRATH OF THANE!



FRUSTRATION AND DISAPPOINTMENT PIQUED HIS RAGE, MAKING HIM MORE DISPART, MORE CARELESS... UNTIL SUDDENLY, BEFORE HIS SMOLDERING SENSES WERE COMPLETELY ALERT, THE AIR AROUD HIM ERUPTED IN A CHILLING FLURRY OF GIANTIC WINGS...



His ringing shouts resounded throughout the rocky cliffs and hills of the valley, only to echo back, unanswered. Further and further, Thang marched into the valley, angry hunting that which had always been hunter, his steaming blood by the rising moon whose bright beams flooded the valley like muted daylight...

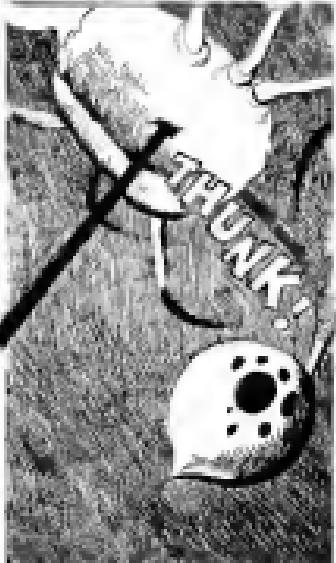


BY THE BLOOD OF THE GODS!

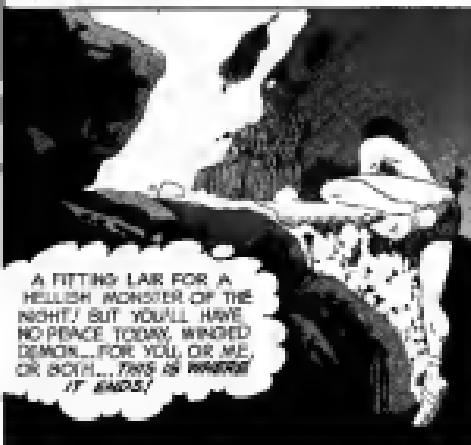
THANE REELED BACK AS A NIGHTMARE VISION SCARRED TOWARD HIM OF UGLY, MEN-SEANOUS WINGS / A MONSTROSITY OF ANOTHER AGE, STILL SURVIVING BY ITS OWN MALICIOUS EVIL HURTING ITS THICK-SKINNED BODY GLISTENING WITH MUCUS TOWARD THANE... TOWARD THE ROLL!



WITH A SHATTERING WHIRL OF WINGS, THE DARK ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION WAS UPON HIM! THANE THRUST HIS SPEAR FORWARD WITH ARM-PRENCHING INSIGHT. THE FINE-HONED TIP SEARING THE UNDERBELLY OF THE ONRUSHING MONSTER! IT GAVE A SHREDDING CONVULSION OF PAIN, BUT DID NOT STOP... ITS HAIRY, BLUNT-COATED LEGS GRIPPED AND SLASHED AT THE WARRIOR'S BODY, EACH TOUGH TEARING AND WOUNDING SCREAMING WITH PAIN AND RAGE, THANE HAMMERED BACK WITH HIS AX, SMASHING AT THE ARMORED BODY UNTIL THE WEAPON CRUMBLED IN HIS HANDS! THEN, WITH BLOODSTAINED FINGERS, HE DREW HIS DAGGER AND CONTINUED HIS DRIM WORK... BODY AND MIND BECOME NUMB, THANE FELT HIS KNEES BEGIN TO DYE AND CRIED OUT WITH ANGER THAT MORTAL FLESH AND BONE COULD BETRAY HIS VENGEANCE... THEN, HE COLLAPSED!



MAN WAS WELL PAST BY THE TIME THANE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE VALLEY, DOGGEDLY FOLLOWING A TRAIL OF SPILLED BLOOD, DRAWING STRENGTH AND COURAGE FROM THIS EVIDENCE OF THE FULL EFFECT OF HIS SPEAR THRUST...



THANE PLUNGED INTO THE DAFTS BLACKNESS, HIS BLODULES GIVING NEW VITALITY TO HIS WOUNDED BODY, ONLY TO SINK IN HORROR AT WHAT HIS EYES, ORBON ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARK, BEHELD...



THANE'S LIPS NEVER VOICED THE NEW HORROR; HIS EYES GAVE HINT TO AS THEY PIERCED FURTHER INTO THE BLACKNESS, FOR FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION A GROTESQUE HULK LUMBERED FORWARD IN A MAD DEATH CHARGE...



... UNTIL BOTH WERE CARRIED OVER THE BRINK, AND IN A SHOWER OF SPRAYING ROCK AND STONES AND HURTLED DOWN THE HILLSIDE...



THE RUSHING BULK SWUNG AGAINST THE TENSED WARRIOR, SWEEPING HIM UP IN THE MOMENTUM OF THE CHARGE, AS THANE AGAIN AND AGAIN SENT HIS DAGGER PLUNGING INTO THE DESTRUCTION-BENT CREATURE...



THE SUN WAS SETTING. BY THE TIME VILLAGERS, LEAD BY VASHOUR, CAME UPON THE SCENE...

THANE ROUSED HIS BRUISED, LACERATED BODY, FORCING IT TO MOVE... HIS EYES, TWO DOTS OF ICY FLAME, BORE TOWARD VASHOUR...

DEAD! BOTH DEAD... THEY KILLED ONE ANOTHER... AND, LOOK, THANE STIRS, HE LIVES!

WEAK, HOW NO BLASPHEMY OF APPROPRIATE MORTAL! IT WAS THE WILL OF THE GODS THAT YOU WERE SPARED... DON'T SIT ON THEIR MERCY!

HE'S SLAIN
THE MESSANGER
OF THE GODS!

IT'S A MONSTER LOVLY AND OBSCENE, BUT IT'S DIPLO/ IT CAN BE KILLED. LET ME HEAR NO TWADDLE OF THE ELDER, GOSS... LISTEN TO WHAT I MUST SAY ABOUT--

WITH AN ANGRY SHRUG OF HIS SHOULDERS, THANE PUSHED PAST VASHOUR, AND THE OTHERS, TURNING HIS BACK TO THEM, SETTING HIS GAZE ON THE DISTANT HORIZON...

I WON'T WASTE MY BREATH ON FOOLS AND COWARDS! RUN, THE VILLAGE AS YOU SEE FIT, GODTHAWER... TILL I HAVE NO MORE OF YOU OR IT!

LET AWA SHO!
HE'S SERVED HIS PURPOSE... THE GODS LET HIM SLAY THE ANGEL OF DOOM, AS A SIGN THEY WERE PLEASED WITH US! WE MUST CELEBRATE, GIVE SACRIFICE,/

THE CELEBRATION CARRIED ON, INTO THE NIGHT. FEW GAVE THOUGHT IN THE REJOICING TO THANE, OR THE SLAIN MONSTER. THEY HAD BURIED EARLIER. FEW GAVE THOUGHT TO ANYTHING, UNTIL, WITHOUT WARNING, THE AIR ABOVE THEM WAS ALIVE WITH THE THUNDER OF MANY WINGS!

THANE PAUSED IN HIS TRAVELS AND LOOKED BACK IN THE DIRECTION HE HAD COME, FAINTLY ON THE NIGHT WIND HE COULD HEAR, THE SOUND OF SCREAMS AND CRIES... SCREAMS AND CRIES OF THOSE WHO HAD NOT WANTED TO LISTEN, WHO HAD NOT ALLOWED HIM TO TELL WHAT HE SUSPECTED IN THE CAVES... THE HATCHING OF AN ENTIRE SWARM OF MALEFIANT NIGHT FLYERS, RAVAGED AND NURTURED ON THE VILLAGERS' OWN SACRIFICES!

TOO BAD THIS TOOK PLACE SO FAR. IN THE PAST, AN INSECTICIDE SALESMAN COULD HAVE DONE GREAT IN TEARS, VILLAGE! AND SPOOKED OF INSECTICIDES, HE'D BETTER FLIT ON TO MY NEXT DORY STORY!

IN TIME THE FAINT CRIES STOPPED, AND THE NIGHT WAS COMPLETELY STILL...



FORSOOTH OLD FRAZZLE FANS... TIS I CREEPY
OF CHILLWOOD FOREST! GATHER ROUND MY FABLE
TABLE FOR A RATTLING REVELATION ABOUT TWO RIVAL
SISTERS WHO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE...

SPELLBOUND

SO... MY SISTER AND
SIR JOHN OF DEVONSQUIRE,
OUT RIDING AGAIN / WHOM-
EVER HE TAKES FOR HIS
WIFE WILL HAVE MUCH
PRESTIGE IN THE LAND,
I SEE HOW SIR JOHN
FAVORS ANNABELLE...
BUT HE MUST BE
MINE...



I'LL GO TO THE OLD WITCH...
SHE'LL HELP. SHE'LL DO
ANYTHING FOR POSITION. ONCE
I MARRY SIR JOHN, SHE
WILL HAVE IT...

SHE IS KNOWN
TO LIVE HERE ...
IN FOREST FEARE.
I **MUST** FIND
HER.

HALT!
DOST
THOU NOT KNOW
THAT ALL OF
FOREST FEARE IS
RULED BY
ELIZIA?

THAT
IS WHY I
HAVE ENTERED,
GNOME. YOU
WILL TAKE
ME TO HER.

I PERCEIVE
THAT THERE IS EVIL IN
YOUR HEART, ISABEL.
WELL, THAT IS AS IT SHOULD
BE. COME, WE GO TO
ELIZIA.

THERE IS
WHERE MY SPELL -
MISTRESS LIVES!

THANK GOODNESS
OUR JOURNEY IS OVER. I
COULDNT STAND ANOTHER
MOMENT WITH THIS CREATURE.

LO, ELIZIA OF
THE MYSTIC KINGDOM
... I HAVE BROUGHT
ONE WHO SUMMONS
FAVOR FROM
YOU.

I AM ISABEL
OF CASTLE STONELock
I SEEK HELP, WHICH I
WILL REPAY WITH ANY
THING YOU REQUEST.

YES... I
KNOW WHY YOU
HAVE COME. STEP
INSIDE, DEARIE...
PLEASE.

... AND SO, SIR JOHN MUST MARRY
ME... NOT MY SISTER ANNABELLE.
I DESERVE TO BE
PRINCESS MORE
THAN SHE DOES.

WHEN YOU BECOME PRINCESS, YOU
WILL APPOINT ME COURT ASTROL-
OGER... FOR THEN MY NAME WILL
BE ENTERED WHERE IT RIGHT-
FULLY BELONGS... IN THE PAGES OF
THE COURT LEGENDS, AGREED?

OF COURSE... OF
COURSE, DEARIE. I
WILL GLADLY ENSPELL
YOUR SISTER. BUT NOW
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING
FOR ME IN RETURN.

AGREED! NOW... WHAT
MUST I DO?

TONIGHT... WHEN
THE WITCHING HOUR
STRIKES... POUR FROM
THIS AMULET, THE POWER
THERE ABOVE, MIX IT
IN YOUR SISTER'S
DRINK TO ENSPELL
HER... FOREVER
... PHAHAHAHHAHA

SOON MY
DARLING SISTER...
EVERYTHING YOU
HAVE WILL BE...
ANNABELLE'S TITLE
... RICHES...
AND SIR JOHN!
HOW MAR-
VELOUS!

I THINK IT BEST IF WE ENSURED
OURSELVES OF ISABEL'S INTENTIONS,
MY FEATHERY FRIEND... AYE, ROGAN?
THIS IS WHAT YOU WILL DO.....

FROM THE TOWER WALLS, THE CALL OF MIDNIGHT PROVIDED ISABEL WITH THE CLUE TO BEGIN HER SABOTAGE.

MY DEAREST ANNABELLE,
THIS CUP OF WINE WILL
SOOTHE YOU.

OH, ISABEL,
SIR JOHN
HAS PRO-
POSED
MARRIAGE
IMAGINE...

HOW... DELIGHTFUL
FOR YOU! HOW LUCKY
YOU ARE, BOTH OF
YOU. MAY I TOAST
YOUR HAPPINESS?

I HOPE YOU
WOULD FEEL THIS
WAY, DEAR SISTER.
THANK YOU FOR BEING
SO KIND AND UNDER-
STANDING.



YOU THOUGHT HOW WOULD BECOME PRINCESS
OF OUR LAND, AFTER ALL MY YEARS OF
WISHING.

NOW LET'S SEE
YOU MARRY
SIR JOHN,
DEAR SIS-
TER, MA
MAHAMA
MAHAMAHAH!

...I... I'M
CHANGING...
I... NO...

AND WHEN THE MORNING CAME... SIR JOHN, UNABLE TO FIND ANNABELLE...

ISABEL / ANNABELLE HAS DISAPPEARED / HAVE YOU SEEN HER SINCE LAST NIGHT? I CANNOT SPEAK, SIR JOHN, HER DEED IS MUCH TOO WRETCHED TO BE TOLD! PLEASE DO NOT ASK ME!

IT CANNOT BE / ONLY YESTERDAY SHE PLEDGED HER LOVE TO ME... HOW COULD I BE LED INTO SUCH TREACHERY?

MY SISTER WAS NOT TO BE TRUSTED. SIR JOHN, I HELD MY TONGUE BECAUSE I KNEW YOUR FEELINGS TOWARD HER.

OH, NO, MY DARLING... ISABEL HAS BEWITCHED ME

ISABEL... WATCH OUT!

OH... THE CAT...

TELL ME... IF YOU KNOW HER WHEREABOUTS... YOU MUST!

SHE HAS RUN AWAY WITH PHILIP OF KENT... ONLY YOUR FORTUNE WAS OF INTEREST TO HER. SHE MEANT ONLY TO GAIN PRISTIGE.

LIES/ NOTHING BUT LIES!

YOU MUST FORGET ABOUT ANNABELLE, SIR JOHN. SHE WAS UNWORTHY OF YOUR LOVE. PLEASE STAY FOR DINNER.

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN, ISABEL... ALL THE TIME THINKING ANNABELLE WAS THE REAL LOVE I NEEDED.

MEDAW!

HOW CAN I MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND?

SUCH A PRETTY THING. SOMETHING MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED HER... I THINK I WILL REMAIN FOR DINNER.

WONDERFUL! SOME GOOD FOOD MAY EASE THE PAIN, AT LEAST IN YOUR STOMACH. I'LL TAKE THE POOR THING.

JOHN... YOU MUST KNOW IT IS I... ANNABELLE!

RN

IT WAS NOT LONG AFTER THAT
SIR JOHN ONCE AGAIN
PROPOSED MARRIAGE.
THIS TIME... 1022

TO ME . . .
TOMORROW SIR JOHN
AND I WILL WED . . . AND
YOU ? YOU WILL BE NO
MORE THAN A PET . AT
LEAST YOU WILL BE
NEAR HIM . . . HAHAHA /

THAT OLD CROW IN THE FOREST... SHE'D BEST FORGET OUR BARGAIN. COURT ASTROLOGER, INDEED! SHE'LL BE LUCKY HER HOME IS NOT BURNED INTO ETERNITY! 

SO... ISABEL HAS NO
INTENTION OF KEEPING HER
PROMISE, AYE? WELL,
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT,
ROGAN. JUST WAIT.

ISABEL WILL REGRET HER
FOOLISHNESS... NOW... SEEK
NO FORTUNE WITCHES BRING,
LEST YOU CAN BEAR
THE DEVIL'S STING,
OR KEEP WHAT
PROMISE YOU
WILL TELL...
TO STAY THE
RITUAL OF MY
SPELL!

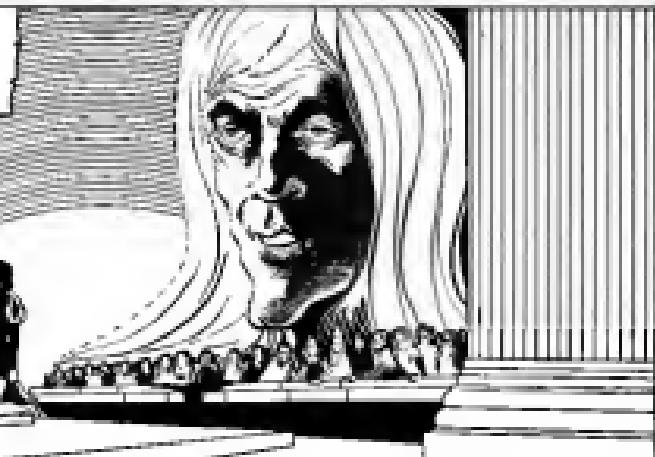
ANNABELLE
AND FIND YOUR FATE;
FOR ISABEL, IT IS
TOO LATE....

I'M
CHANGING
AGAIN

WHAT? OH, NO... ELIZA! SHE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY CHANGE OF MIND... SHE'S HEXING ME! 

THE SPELL...
IT'S BROKEN...
OH, JOHN...I'VE
COME BACK...
JOHN

... AND SO... THE MARRIAGE THAT SHOULD HAVE TAKEN PLACE... AT LAST BEGAN THE FINAL CEREMONY...



HEY KIDDIES, THIS GHOULISH GOODIE IS HOT STUFF SO IF YOU WANT TO TAG ALONG TO THE CREEPY CLIMAX, BETTER BRING YOUR OWN ICE WATER AND FAN!

THIS IS THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE PLANET PYROSELAR! HERE THERE IS NO NIGHT, NO EVENING, NO DAWN... ONLY PERPETUAL NOON! THE SULLEN RED STAR-SUN FILLS THE DAY LIKE A MAGNETIC FLARE, SCORCHING EVERY NAKED ROCK, MELTING EVERY MILE OF SANDY DESOLATION BURIED IN THE PLANET'S TEMPERATE BAND. BETWEEN THE BRIGHT SUN AND FROZEN DARK, A FEW BRAVE COLONISTS EKE OUT A LIVING BY MINING INDUSTRIAL ORE!

BUT

ONLY

DESPERATE

MAN VENTURE INTO

PYROSELAR'S BRIGHT

SIDE FURNACE! TWO SUCH

WILL AGE HARVEY TAKE AND

benjamin burkiss, BOTH FERRE THE

same elusive dream of boundless

WEALTH AND BORN WILL GET MORE THAN THEY

EARNED FOR ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP...

BLOODY MARY

HARVEY!
LOOK! A
SHIP!!

HA-HA! A SHIP OF THE
DESERT? YOU'RE OUT OF
YOUR MIND, FUDGIE!

THE SHIP WAS MILES DISTANT, LIKE A SWIMMING SICKLE HESITING ON THE HORIZON.

BY HEAVEN, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE BOTH CAN'T BE SEEING THE SAME MIRAGE! BUT WAIT IN THE NAME OF A FIRE, THIS IS A SHIP DOING HERE!

THE TWO PROSPECTORS BEGAN THE LONG TRAIL ACROSS THE SEA OF HOT ANDES SANDS TOOK THE MYSTERIOUS STAR SHIP?

EASY ON THE WATER, HARVEY! YOU'RE BUSH DRINKING MORE THAN YOUR RATION!

RELAX, BOSS! I'M A BIGGER MAN! I NEED MORE THAN YOU!

THIRTEEN TIME SPRINGS LATER...

SHE'S NOT FAR NOW! JUST OVER THIS DUNE! HOPE SHE'S STILL GOT SOME WATER IN HER TANKS! WE'RE MIGHTY LOW!



THEY TOPPED THE DUNE, DESCENDED ANOTHER CREEPING TIDE OF TERRANO SAND, THEN SWUNG BELOW THE DUNE, DIMINISHED BY HIS LAST SAND-PITTED SPERMATOZOID.

LOLLO! SHE WAS BIG! THE MARY... ONE OF THE OLD-STYLE LUXURY LINERS! THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE HER ANYMORE!

FUNNY SHE SHOULD CRASH HERE! WERE TWO HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS OFF THE MAIN SPACE LINES!



THE SUDORY BREEZE SHIFTED, BLOWN FROM THE SAND AND...

LOUSY ANIMALS!
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO
THOSE STUPID
BLAH-BLAH!!

EACH,
PROT' PELLAS!
EASY!

I DON'T LIKE IT, HARVEY!
THOSE ANIMALS ARE SMART!
THEY CAN SMELL TROUBLE!

SHH! THEY'RE JUST
AS DUMB AS YOU ARE!
IF ANYONE SURVIVED
THE CRASH, THEY DIED
LONG AGO!

ON THE
THIRD DAY, DRIES
SHAKING GRAPPLE CATCHES
AN OPEN AIR LOCK...

THE
RECEPTEURS
SHRIEKED THE LOCK, MOVED
DEEPER INTO THE SHIP! /
SALL RED CRASH LIGHTS
PROVIDED AN ERGIC
ILLUMINATION AS THEY
WANDERED FOR UNQUEENED
YEARS!

IT'S LIKE
A
TOMB,
HARVEY?

IT
IS
BORS!



THE KNIGHT
OVER THE SKELETON
SEARCHED THE BATTLE
POCKETS...



THERE!
NOW I'LL
SHOOT UP,
THEN PULL
YOU UP!



FIFTEEN SOLAR
CREDITS! IT'S IN OLD
SCRIPT, BUT STILL
NEGOTIABLE! I GOOD
AS GOLD!

TAKE BEGAN TO LAUGH, ROARING LIKE A MAN DRIVEN MAD.

CRACKED WITH GREED, THE TWO MEN PLUNCHED DEEPER INTO THE MARY!

HERE RICH! RICH AS CROESUS!
MORE A THOUSAND PEOPLE DIED ON
THIS SHIP, CHOKING IN THEIR OWN
HEALTH! NOW IT'S ALL
OURS!

THE FIRST CLASS SECTION!
WE'LL FIND CORPSES THERE,
NOW THOUSANDS OF NOTES
TUCKED AWAY IN THEIR
ROTTING KADS!

OLD BEN'S
STRUCK IT
RICH AT LAST!

BUT
IN THE
FIRST CLASS SECTION...

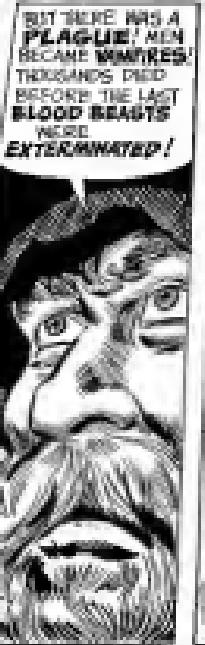
IN THE NAME
OF GOD!! THEY'RE
ALIVE!

NO!
WAIT!
THEY'RE
NOT
MOVING!

NOT EVEN
BREATHING!!

THEY'RE LIFELESS, BUT
THERE'S NO SIGN OF
DECAY! IT'S
UNICANNY!!

HARVEY, THERE'RE
VAMPIRES! GOD SAVE
US, THEY'RE
VAMPIRES!



THE TWO MEN LOOTED ONE CHAMBER AFTER ANOTHER, FINDING VAMPIRES SLEEPING IN MOST! BUT IN THE FACE OF SO MUCH TREASURE, THE CREATURES BECAME NO MORE THAN HELPLESS OBJECTS OF AMUSEMENT...



LAW, THE PROSECUTOR REPLIED TO THE DEFENDANT, EXPLAINED: "DID YOU HEAR THE VOICE OF A HUNGRY PERSON?"

"I THINK I'LL
DIE OF THIRST BE-
FORE I GET A
DRINK. AND
ME A RICH
MAN!"

WAIT 'TILL I SEE THOSE
OLE LIZARDS BACK IN
THE ZONE!" SAID I MAG-
A BOO-BOO THEY!

WELL, WHAT'S
THEY SEE
THIS?

WEAN' WAIT 'TIL
THEY DO! THEY'LL
BE OUT HERE WITH
THE BABIES! THEY'LL
REAL MY BEAUTIFUL
BABY!

**WHEN HANDBALL IS
BE! STUCK! STUCK WITH
A FEW LOOSE SHOVELS
WHEN I COULD'VE REFRESHED
FOR ENOUGH TO SOY MY OWN
PLANET!**

WELL AT HOW?

READY TO
GO OVER THE
SIDE, BEN?

YEAR, BUT FIRST
WE BETTER LOCATE
THE SHIPS WATER.
REMEMBER! WE'RE
MIGHTY LOW ON
WATER, AND....

THAT'S OKAY,
BEN! THERE'S ENOUGH WATER
ON THE BORROS FOR ONE
MAN! ME!

TAKE'S HANDS SHOOK, THE OLD MAN HAD A
BROKEN LUMP ON THE SAND! **DEAD!**

HE GAINED THE GROUND STUMBLING TOWARD THE BURROS.
IT WAS COLD...BUT IN THIS SATAN'S FURNACE?

GUTTA GET OUT
OF HERE!

BLASTED FLEA
BAGS! WHAT'S
SCARIIN' 'EM?

THE BURROS RODE
FREE, PLUNGED AWAY ACROSS
THE GREAT BLOWING DUNE...

WIND BEASIN' THEY'RE
TO SCARED THEY'LL
OUT RUN THEM OWN...

THEIR SHADOWS!
IN GOD'S NAME!
WHERE ARE THEIR
SHADOWS!

THE
LOOKED TO THE ZENITH,
SOUGHT THE SUN HE HAD TRIED
TO CURE FROM THE SKY A
MILLION TIMES.

THE SUN!
WHERE'S
THE
SUN?

A
COLD, CLAMMY
WIND SWEEPT FROM THE MARY.
IN THE SKY, FREDGELAKE'S MOON WAS
A BLACK DISC THAT RADIATED THE SKIN,
TRANSFORMING ETERNAL HOON INTO Sudden MID-
NIGHT! FROM THE MARY'S OPEN DOOR, THERE
CAME A RUMBLING FLUTTER OF FINGS, THEN A
DESCENDING MASS OF BAT-LIKE SHAPES,
CHALLOGGING INTO INFERNO HUMANOID FORMS,
EACH SERVING BLOOD IN REVENGE!

TOO BAD DAD HARVEY'S
PLANS HAD TO BE...
ECLIPSED, BUT THEN
NO ONE CAN BEAT A
THOUSAND ANAUM! ON
SECOND THOUGHT, HARVEY
DID! LET'S SEE
...ONE, TWO,
THREE,
FOUR...



Greetings, fans of the grave outdoors! And turn on to the happening hoofbeats thundering through the lone lair of....

THE DEVIL OF THE MARSH

COME ON!
I'LL BE HERE TO MEET YOU!
ON TIME... TO MEET YOU!

IT WAS HIGH UPON DUSK WHEN I DREW CLOSE TO THE GREAT MARSH, AND ALREADY THE WHITE HORSES WERE ABOUT RIDING ACROSS THE SWAMPY LEVELS LIKE SHREWS IN A CHURCHYARD...

THE APPEARANCE OF THE MARSH AT THIS DESOLATE HOUR, SO REMOTE, SO DARKLY SIGNIFICANT OF EVIL PRESENCE, STRUCK ME WITH A CERTAIN WONDOR...

WHY ON EARTH
WOULD SHE
CHOOSE THIS
PLACE FOR OUR
MEETING?

SHE WAS FAMILAR TO THE WOODS, WHERE I HAD FIRST ENCOUNTERED HER, BUT...

SUCH A WAY TO
TEST MY
DEVOTION!

THE IDEA DEPRESSED ME... BUT THE THOUGHT OF HER
INTEREST IN ME URGED ME ONWARD!

I WAS ALONE A FULL
HALF HOUR IN THAT
WILDERNESS, WHEN
I HEARD A SOUND
OTHER THAN MY OWN...



IT WAS A HORRIBLE CROAKING, WHICH BROKE
OUT UPON MY LEFT, SOUNDING SOMEWHERE
FROM... FROM THE REEDS! IT'S
COMING FROM THE REEDS IN THE BLACK
HORSE!



I STOPPED AND LISTENED...BUT
THE MARSH WAS AS A SILENCE!
ONLY THE SIGHING OF
A FRIEND!



I COULD SEE NOTHING!...BUT AT THE
IMMEDIATE MOMENT OF MY PAUSE, I
THOUGHT I DETECTED THE SOUND OF
SOMEBODY... TRAILING THROUGH
THE BUSHES!



IF NOT FOR MY INNOCULATION, I SURELY WOULD HAVE MOUNTED
MY HORSE AND HURRIED HOME! HORRIFIED BEYOND
ENDURANCE BY MY BANAL COMPANY, I RAN...



IT SEEMED THIS
CREATURE, WHAT
EVER IT WAS,
COULD NOT
MAINTAIN MY
SIGHT...



THE FLAT
LAND IN THE
VERY CENTER
OF THE MARSH...
THE PLACE OF
OUR MEETING...



CONFOUND THIS POSE!
IF IT WOULD ONLY CLEAR!

HOW I WISH
CONTINUE...
IN PEACE!

AS I STOOD WAITING
FOR THE CLOUDS TO
PASS, A VOICE
CRIED TO ME....AND,
WITH SWADS OF MIST
SWIRLING ABOUT HER
BODY, RUSHING FROM
THE DARKNESS, I
SAID....

IT'S HER!
SHE'S
COME!

MY KNEES TWIBLED, AND SHE LAUGHED.

I AM A
CREATURE
OF THIS
PLACE...
MY
HOME!

AND I HAVE
SHOWN YOU
SHE IS HERE
BEFORE...
BEFORE...

HELL, I HAVE BEEN SO
LET'S LEAVE THIS PLACE SOON
FORKED YOU SHOULD SPEND
ANOTHER MOMENT HERE!
COME!

YOU ARE TOO
HASTY! YOU
HAVE MUCH TO
LEARN YET!

FOR AN ANSWER, I PULLED
HER TO ME...AND HER
WARM LIPS DROVE OUT
THE HORRID HUMOURS
OF THE NIGHT...

BUT THE SWIFT
PASSAGE OF A
FLICKERING HOOKEY
OVER HER EYES
STRUCK ME AS A FLASH
OF LIGHTNING...AND I
FROZEN CHILL AGAIN...

I DREW HER TOWARD ME, LOOKED INTO HER DEEP EYES...AND
DOWN IN THEM, I COULD DISCERN A MYSTIC LAUGHTER...

AT LAST!
AT LAST, MY
BELOVED!

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE
THIS...THIS PLACE FOR
US TO MEET?

MEET?

2. HIND THE MARSH IN MY BLOOD!
AND THE FOG, THIR... BEFORE
YOU ASK TO MARRY ME... FOR I
AM THE CLOUD IN A STARRY
SKY!

ALL RIGHT, WITCH OR DEVIL OF THE MARSH!
I HAVE KNOWN YOU FROM HERB! YOU ARE
MYSTERIOUS AND MAY HAVE STRANGE
POWERS! BUT I MUST HAVE YOU... AND
GIVE YOU MY WORLD!

SHE
MOVED HER
HEAD AND HER
GLEAMING
EYES
BLANCED UP
AT ME WITH
A SUDDEN
FLASH THAT
REWARDED
ME OF...

GREAT HEAVENS!
SHE'S LIKE A...
...A HOODED
SHADE!

STARTLED, I FELL AWAY, BUT AT THAT
MOMENT SHE TURNED TO WATCH THE FOG
THAT CAME ROLLING IN THICK VOLUMES
OVER THE CLEARING...

NOISE-
LESS, THE
GREAT
CLOUD
CREDIT
UPON US...
IT WAS
AS IF SHE
WANTED
SOME
OWNER,
AND I TOO
TRIMMED
IN THE
FEAR
OF ITS
COMING...

THEN SUDDELY, OUT OF THE NIGHT, ISSUED...

TAKE SWING
HORROR
SOUND AS
BEFORE

CROAK CROAK CROAK CROAK CROAK

I REACHED OUT TO TAKE HER HAND, BUT IN AN INSTANT THE
WETS BROKE OVER US... AND I WAS DROPPING IN THE VACANCY.

CROAK CROAK CROAK CROAK CROAK

I CALLED HER...AS SHE STOOD AT THE FRASSIN OF THE
BALCONY. BUT THERE WAS NO REPLY.



AS I STARRED, THE CREATURE, LIKE A MONSTROUS FROG, COUGHING AND CHOKING, ROSE UPON ITS LEGS, DISCLOSING A HUMAN RESEMBLANCE...



I WAS AMAZED, TERRIFIED, BY A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

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THIN SHADOWS, THE INERT-
TROSTY WHIRLED IN AN
ANCIENT BRIAR, THE BIRDS

THE MORTAL'S EYES WERE MY GUIDE

HOW MAD ARE THESE PEOPLE?
FAME IS THE HELL YOU
SEARCHED FOR ME!



THE WRETCH HEAT ON, AFTER SHE MOCKED HIM WITH HER EYES, AND SOOTHED MY TERROR WITH HER SOFT TOUCH.

SEEK ME MONTELL AND KNOW THAT I AM THE
PRESENCE OF THE HARVEST! ITS EVIL SPIRIT! SEE
LIES AND SICKS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL BY E...



...AND HAS THE
POWER TO CHILL
AND SLAY! I,
WHO HAS ONCE
LIVED THIS, KNOW
THIS! SHE HAS
IMAGE ME A DEMI-
DEVIL IN HER HELL! AND
ROM, SHE WOULD
IMAGE ME

ALONE)...
...AND SEARCH
FOR ANOTHER
VICTIM! BUT SHE
SHALL NOT! MY HELL
IS ALSO HERS! SHE
SHALL NOT!!

卷之三



HER SMILING, UNTRoubLED FACE TURNED TO MINE... I
EMBRACED HER! THEN THE ANGELESS SMILED ME!

WOMAN OR DEVIL?
I LOVE YOU! AND
I WILL GO
WITH YOU!

THEN THE STILL MUST RETURNED AND... AN ICY SIGH
RAN THROUGH ME!

IT MUST BE IN
TERRIBLE PAIN!

SHE LAUGHED, AND LED ME TO THE CREATURE, WHICH... STOPPING, I
WROTE UP AND... AS HER FACE PRESSED MINE, HER EYES WENT
CLOSED AND SMILING...

SHE SHALL NOT DASH

THERE...

WAKA

I TURNED AND RAN, BUT THE THICKENING FOG CLOSED ROUND
ME... AND I HEARD FAR OFF AND LESSENING STILL THE SICKLY
SOUND OF HER MOCKING LAUGHTER...

NO, SHE
SHALL NOT LEAVE
ME ALONE!

YOU WILL NO LONGER BE ALONE, MY LOVE!
AND SOON, VERY SOON, WE SHALL HAVE
MORE GUESTS!

HAVE A PAIR-OUT WAY TO CROAK, BUT DIDN'T EVEN LEAVE ANY OF HIS
ENCHANTED PRINTS AROUND FOR EVIDENCE! ANYHOO... THERE'S MAUCH
MORE TALES TO POLLUTE YOUR BRAINS IN THIS MHT! DON'T GO HAYWY!

THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Pop into the shop for a Harpo, tune up... GROWL FAILS. We'll check out your aero-tools and make sure your cathodes are crackling. C. A. HOWARD from Richmond, Va. did. And here we come! that HOWARD! Join the fan while he relates his harrowing freak-out which is bound to astound you, or...

'SO SPEAKS THE BODY'

I paused before the door, staring at the plaque that proclaimed this to be the office of Robert J. Kingman, Psychiatrist. I turned the glass knob, the door swung silently inward. The reception hall was empty. The light coming through the glazed, glass door leading to Doctor Kingman's office illuminated the outer office clearly. I called to Doctor Kingman to turn the lights, after a moment he complied. On wavy legs I crossed the office and entered into a smaller, more comfortable chamber. "Come in," whispered the slight, skin-divine man. "Please take the yellow chair. It is the most comfortable." If he was surprised at my not discarding the wet overcoat, the collar of which was turned up, or the wide grin, happy hat which was pulled across my face to conceal it, he did not show it. "I might add that you have excited my curiosity, Mr. Ellsworth. Kingman intoned in a soft, strong voice. "In that office and at this hour of the night, it is obvious that you are broken from something, or someone. May I ask you from whom?"

"It started about a year ago," I began. "I had fallen asleep on the couch while reading; when I awoke I saw words inscribed upon the palms of my hands. At first I thought some nut there's a cheaply printed book had slipped off on them, I paid no attention to them when they finally faded." "To my amazement, and later to my horror, the words appeared more frequently and stayed longer. I burned every book in the house and would go nowhere near any others.



Try and tell me these glam, glam won't get some JEEPERS... into your peasant! CREEPY CLOTHES, ANTHONY KOSKOWICZ from Haring, N.Y., warns us that our buddy with the pajama, eyeball has a very suspicious coffee. He thinks he'd better keep and EYE on a guy who says he wants to PATCH things up!

Gradually the words formed in patterns which tell little story. Many hours I spent reading the drama unfolding itself on my body."

"Mr. Ellsworth, control yourself... becoming hysterical will not solve the problem!" Dr. Kingman looked toward the sobbing patient. "Has anyone seen you in this condition?" he asked.

"NO ONE" came the reply. "If these words are not fragments of your imagination, and this so called story is real, what happens when the whole thing ends? Do you vanish in a puff of smoke?" the doctor laughed. "No" replied Ellsworth sadly, "the a books I am reading, I do exist. It is you and the others like you who cease to exist. You

cannot know how lonely loneliness is, until you discover that you are the only real object in your universe."

Dr. Kingman's amusement changed to a tap of humor as a flash of lightning lit the room, revealing the bold, black letters across Ellsworth's face.



WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THESE
VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF
EERIE IN YOUR PRIVATE
MAGAZINE COLLECTION?



#2



#3



#4



#5



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THE FRANKENSTEIN TRADITION!

GREAT WAVES OF FOG ROLL AND DRIFT OVER WHITECHAPEL, DARK AND UNPLEASANT, BUT PROVIDING THE PROTECTION I NEED. SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE I CAN FAINTLY HEAR MUSIC AND LAUGHTER FROM A PUB. BEYOND THAT, SOMEWHERE OUT ON THE THAMES, SHRIEK WHISTLES OF BOATS. THEN I HEAR THE SOUND I'M WAITING FOR: THE CLICK OF LADIES' HEELS ON COBBLESTONE...



THE NIGHT IS COLD, BUT I PERSPIRE HEAVILY. MY FINGERS SLIP AND TREMBLE, PUMPKIN WITH THE CLASP ON THE MEDICAL BAG, AND I AM SICK WITH FEAR, AND LOATHING. THE FOOTSTEPS DRAW NEARER AND I CAN HEAR HER SINGING ... THE SONG IS QUITE POPULAR IN THE MUSIC HALLS THOUGH PERHAPS A TAD RISQUE. THE WORDS SHAKED FROM A LONG EVENING'S DRINKING ...



NOW I HEAR ANOTHER SOUND, THE SOUND OF MY HEART, LOUDER THAN ANYTHING ELSE. SO LOUD I ALMOST BELIEVE THAT SHE CAN HEAR IT. BUT IF SHE COULD, THE FOOTSTEPS WOULD STOP, HESITATE ... SHE'D CALL OR SCREAM OR TURN AND RUN THE OTHER WAY AND WE'D BOTH BE SAVED. INSTEAD, SHE PASSES IN FRONT OF ME AND I HAVE TO DO IT!



QUICKLY AND
MERCILESSLY
AS POSSIBLE,
I BRING THE
SHINING
STEEL AGAINST
HER THROAT
IN A
MOVEMENT
RAPID AND
PRECISE...
JUST AS
WITH THE
FIVE OTHERS
BEFORE
HER...

FLICKER HER LIMP FORM TO THE COBBLERSTONES
AND FIGHT BACK A WAVE OF NAUSEA. NOW THE
SUTHERY MUST BEGIN. THERE IS NO TIME FOR
DELICATE INCISIONS. IMPRESSIVE SURGERY...
WE MUST SETTLE FOR SPEED AND REASONABLE
ACCURACY!

DAMN YOU, DR.
PIKE! DAMN YOU
FOR DRIVING ME
TO THIS!

NATHAN PIKE
WAS DIRECTOR
OF THE SURGICAL
SCHOOL AT
WHITECHAPEL
HOSPITAL. HE
WAS BRILLIANT,
BUT COOL AND
EXACTING. I
SPOOKED IN AS
MUCH TERROR
OF HIM AS
ANY OF MY
FELLOW
STUDENTS.
PERHAPS MORE,
ESPECIALLY
ON THAT DAY
HE SUMMONED
ME TO HIS OFFICE.

I'VE HAD MY EYE ON YOU FOR SOME
TIME, MR. TODD. MOST IMPRESSIVE IN
THE LAB. YOU HAVE A SHINING PLATE
FOR SURGERY...

WHY...WHY THANK YOU,
SIR! IT'S VERY IMPORTANT
TO ME, YOU SEE I...

I'M SURE IT IS, MR.
TODD. SO IMPORTANT
THAT YOU CHEATED
ON THE LAST WRITTEN
EXAM? I REALIZE
IT'S MY DUTY TO
EXPEL YOU, I

PLEASE...I CAN
EXPLAIN THERE. JUST
WASN'T TIME TO PRE-
PARE...I WORK NIGHTS,
ALL NIGHT...I AMATE,
TO MEET THE TUITIONS...
I DIDN'T WANT TO CHEAT,
BUT I COULDN'T RISK
FAILING...

MY PARENTS KILLED THEMSELVES
RESCAPING TOGETHER, MONEY
ENOUGH TO START ME HERE...
BEING A DOCTOR MEANS
EVERYTHING! I DON'T DO
IT, SIR! I WILL DO
ANYTHING, BUT...

CHEATING IS
CHEATING, TODD
NO MATTER
WHAT THE ACTIVE
BUT PERHAPS THERE'S
AN ANSWER THAT'LL
PLEASE BOTH OF US...

THERE ARE TALES OF MEN WHO SELLED THEIR SOULS FOR THE DEVIL'S FAVORS. HAD FIVE BEEN THE DEVIL OFFERING TO MAKE ME A DOCTOR, I'D HAVE SIGNED WITHOUT THINKING TWICE . . . IN THE END, IT WAS NOT SO MUCH DIFFERENT AT THAT.

PROF. MR. TODD... THIS
IS THE ANSWER? ARE YOU
FAMILIAR WITH IT?

Y-YES, DOCTOR, BUT... I
DON'T SEE WHAT IT HAS
TO DO WITH US! ALL VERY
IMAGINATIVE AND FANCIOUL...
BUT THE THINGS DESCRIBED
ARE MEDICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

IS IT, MR. TODD?
IS IT, INDEED? A
MAN SO SET
ON BECOMING
A BRILLIANT
DOCTOR SHOULD
KEEP A MORE
OPEN MIND—

AS DIRECTOR, PIKE HAD BEEN GRANTED A PRIVATE LABORATORY, DEEP WITHIN THE LOWER CONFINES OF THE HOSPITAL. HIS WORK WAS SECRET AND ABSORBED MOST OF HIS FREEING HOURS. WHEN NOT IN CLASS, TO MY KNOWLEDGE, I WAS THE FIRST TO EVER BEHOLD THIS WORK...

GOOD WORK
IT... IT'S A...
A...

A WOMAN, MR. TODD?
ASSEMBLED, WITHIN CERTAIN
REALISTIC LIMITATIONS, MUCH
AS MRS. GIBBLY IS LITERARY
BEATION. ANY SURGEON,
MAYBE ANY SAILMAKER WITH
KNOWLEDGE OF ANATOMY,
COULD DO SUCH ASSEMBLY.
BUT COME CLOSER, LIFT
UP THE WRIST...

"THERE'S A
PAUSE," HODGE
PAINT... BUT IT'S
A PAUSE."

A SMALL SPARK. A SPARK I'VE FANNED AND NURTURED FOR OVER A YEAR NOW. GRAFTING, TRANSPLANTING, CREATING.

A black and white comic panel. A doctor in a white coat and mask is examining a patient's arm. The patient is lying in a hospital bed. The doctor's speech bubble contains a riddle about a man's arm being assembled.

OVER A YEAR
MIGHT IT
YEAR AGO
THAT YOUR
WIFE WAS

A TRAIN ACCIDENT? THAT
WAS THE BEGINNING...
THIS IS THE FIRST STEP;
WORKING ALONE IS TOO
SLOW, TOO LIMITING... I
NEED HELP,
TODD. YOUR
HELP?

DR. I... I DON'T KNOW...
WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS...
BRILLIANT, BUT AT THE
SAME TIME THERE IS
SOMETHING ABOUT IT
THAT'S... WELL, IT'S...

NATURALLY, AS
DIRECTOR, I CAN
ASSURE ANY
ASSISTANT OF
MINE A FULL
SCHOLARSHIP...
A MEDICAL EDUCATION
GUARANTEED...

I CAN ALSO ASSURE
IMMEDIATE EXPULSION IF
YOU REJECT, TODD! THIS CAN
END OR BEGIN YOUR CAREER...
THE ONLY REASON I MAKE
YOU THE OFFER IS THAT I
WAS CONVINCED YOU'RE
NOT STUPID... ARE YOU
STUPID, TODD?

NO... NO,
DR. PIKE...
OF COURSE,
I ACCEPT...
W- WHEN
DO I START?

BY DAYLIGHT, MY
CUTLIES WERE MUCH AS
ANYONE MIGHT EXPECT;
BUT MY NIGHTS WERE
ANOTHER, OFTEN HORROR-
FILLED, MATTER... THE
DEMANDS OF DR. PIKE'S
SECRET PROJECT COULD
NOT ALWAYS BE SATISFIED
BY CANNIBALS SUPPLIED TO
THE SURGICAL SCHOOL;
MORE AND MORE OFTEN
I WAS SENT POSTHUMOUSLY
SOME HAUNTED NIGHT-
MARE CREATURE, TO
PREY ON FRESH GRAVES,
SUITABLE SUBJECTS...

RETURNING FROM THESE GHOULISH SOJOURNS,
I'D RETIRE TO THE PRIVATE LABORATORY, AND
BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, ASSIST PIKE IN HIS
FEVERISH, FRANTIC OPERATIONS, WATCHING
AS HIS OBSESSED FINGERS PERFORMED
IMPOSSIBLE SURGERY...

AVOIDING ANOTHER FAILURE,
WE'RE NOT MAKING ANY
PROGRESS... BY THE TIME
I MAKE THE TRANSFERS,
THE TISSUES ARE TOO FAR
GONE TO MEND PROPERLY;
WE NEED FRESHER
SUBJECTS!

BAT... WHAT
MORE CAN
WE DO?



EVEN AS THE QUESTION SLIPPED FROM MY MOUTH, I KNEW THE ANSWER, AND KNEW PIKE WOULD NOT BE AFRAID TO SUGGEST IT...

WE MUST OPERATE IMMEDIATELY AFTER A SUBJECT DIES... AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE OF THAT...

N-NO! THAT'S MURDER... THAT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK, DOCTOR... I WON'T... I CAN'T... HOW COULD I...

YOU'RE IN IT TOO FAR TO STOP NOW, TODD! WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING IS ALREADY OUTSIDE THE LAW... IN FOR A PENNY, IN FOR A POUND! STOP NOW AND YOU LOSS EVERYTHING! LOOK OUT THERE... PAYTECH IS A FLESH ONE OF THE SEALEST DISTRICTS IN LONDON, HOME FOR THE DREWS OF HUMANITY... MEN AND WOMEN...



I SEEMED LIKE A DREAM, OR PERHAPS A NIGHTMARE. I WAS STEPPING OUT INTO THE RAIN-DRENCHED NIGHT, THE THICK MISTS ENVELOPING ME, BEGGINING DRAWING ME FORWARD... THE MEDICAL BAG IN MY HAND, WITH ITS QUAMING KNIVES AND SCALPELS CRACKED AND STRAINED LIKE SOME TREMENDOUS WEIGHT...



I WAS SICK, VIOLENTLY SICK WHEN I RETURNED TO FIVE. BUT I HAD DONE MY WORK WELL...

IT'S WORKING, TODD. AS I KNEW IT WOULD. A FEW MORE OPERATIONS LIKE THIS AND...

MORE IF MY GOD, DOCTOR... YOU CAN'T EXPECT...

ONCE TRAPPED IN THE TOW OF A MAELSTROM, THERE IS NO OTHER DIRECTION BUT DOWN. AGAIN AND AGAIN I STALKED THE DANK, COBBLESTONE STREETS, GLIDING THROUGH THE FOG LIKE SOME MALEIGNANT SPECTER...

THIS CAN'T GO ON, DR. FORD! THEY THINK IT'S THE WORK OF SOME MAFIA OF POLICE PATROLS IN THE AREA ARE BEING DOUBLED...

MARSHAL! IF THOSE FOOLS HAD ANY CONCEPT OF WHAT WE WERE DOING... WE CAN'T STOP NOW. WE'RE TOO NEAR, SUCCESS...

SO, IT CONFIRMED. THE POLICE WERE ALERT. THEY CAME CLOSE, BUT FOG-BOUND WHITE CHAPEL WAS TOO COMPLEX, MY HOSPITAL SANCTUARY TOO NEAR... THEIR EFFORTS PROVED FUTILE...

...EVEN AS THEY HAVE TONIGHT?

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, TODD! GET IN... EVERYTHING'S WAITING! YOU KNOW WHAT A DELAY CAN DO TO US NOW!

NO MORE DOCTOR... I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE...



WHAT I SAY DOES NOT REGISTER WITH DR. PIKE; HIS ONLY THOUGHTS ARE OF THE OPERATION. HIS GIFTED HANDS BECOME PRECISION MACHINES, WELDING THE UNHOLY MATERIALS I HAVE BROUGHT AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH I HATE MYSELF FOR WHAT WE ARE DOING, I CANNOT ESCAPE THE PASSION AND INTEREST THIS HOLDS...

“TODD, LOOK AT THE INSTRUMENTS. THE HEARTBEAT, THE NERVE REACTIONS... SHE'S MOVING! WE'VE SUCCEEDED!”

WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, PIKE PULLS FREE THE LAST OF THE TAPE. NOW I FEEL A CLUTCHING EMPTINESS RISE FROM THE PIT OF MY STOMACH AS I STARE INTO THE FACE OF THE THING THAT LUSHES FROM THE TABLE'S TOP. A HOGLIKE, RASPING, UNINTELLIGIBLE CRY ISSUES FORTH, MATCHING IN OVERWHELMING HORROR THE GLAZED, WATERY EYES THAT HINT OF NO LIFE BEYOND ANIMAL FUNCTION...

“OH, GOD!... OH, MY GOD...”

THE MUMMIFIED THING ON THE OPERATING TABLE TREMIBLES. SLOWLY, SILENTLY IT BEGINS TO RISE...

“TODD, HELP ME REMOVE THE BANDAGES... NOW YOU'LL SEE IT, TODD... WHAT IT'S ALL BEEN FOR... THE LIFE WE'VE CREATED...”

“OF COURSE SHE'S NOT PERFECT.”
“IT'LL TAKE TIME, TODD... MORE OPERATIONS...”

“THIS IS YOUR CREATION? THIS IS WHAT I WAS DRIVEN TO KILL FOR? ANY OF THOSE POOR GIRLS, NO MATTER HOW WRETCHED THEIR EXISTENCE, WERE MORE ALIVE, MORE DESERVING THAN THIS... THIS DISGUSTING.” AND I ENDEWORSHIPE MONSTERS THAN IT.”

“NO MORE,” THIS IS THE END OF IT, NO MORE.”

“NO, YOU FOOL, SORRY SHE CAN'T SURVIVE ON HER OWN YET... YOU'LL DESTROY EVERYTHING... STOP, DON'T.”

ALL CONNECTIONS SEVERED WITH ITS ARTIFICIAL AIDS TO LIFE, THE THING STUMBLERS AND PLUNGES FORWARD, ITS FLAILING LIMBS SCORING AND GOREATING AT ITS CREATOR, SEEKING ONE LAST SUPPORT, ONLY TO BLOWN HIM DOWN ALSO...



AT FIRST THERE IS A TERRIBLE RASPING SIGH AS WHAT SMALL SPARK OF LIFE EXISTED IN THE CADAVEROUS BEING FADES, THEN THE ROOM IS QUIET. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS, MY MIND SEEMS CLEAR, MY THOUGHTS ENTIRELY MY OWN. I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO...



DR. PIKE'S CHEMICAL STORES ARE QUITE COMPLETE... I HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...

IF ONLY I HAD THE COURAGE TO DO THIS EARLIER, IT SHOULD GIVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO FINISH WHAT I HAVE TO DO...



EVEN AS I START THE FIRE, I CAN FEEL THE POISON IN MY SYSTEM, DESPITE THE INCREASING RUM. I DRAWS ALL THE PAPERS IN THE ROOM NEAR, USING THEM TO FEED THE FLAMES, LEAVING NO CHANCE THAT ANY OF THIS HORROR MIGHT BE UNEARTHED AND TRIED AGAIN...

ROCK'S STONE... FIRE'LL BE DISCOVERED BEFORE IT CAN SPREAD... AND...



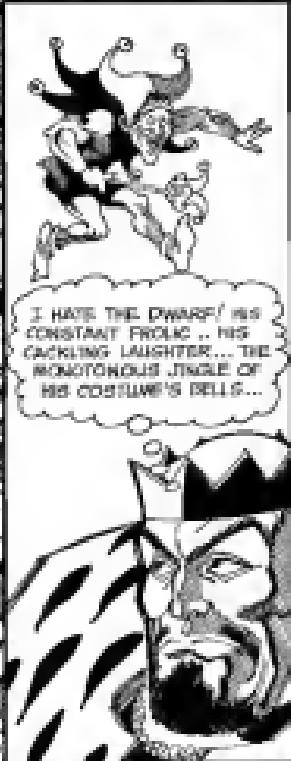
THE ROOM BEGINS TO BLEW, GROW DARK. SOUNDS FADE, EVEN THE CRACKLE OF THE FLAMES. MY EYES FOCUS FOR THE LAST TIME ON A SMOKING REMNANT THAT IN OUR BLUNDZING ATTEMPT TO CREATE LIFE, PIKE AND I SUCCEEDED ONLY IN CREATING A LEGACY OF TERROR, OUTSTRIPPING EVEN THAT CREATURE CONIGNED TO THE FIRE WITH US."



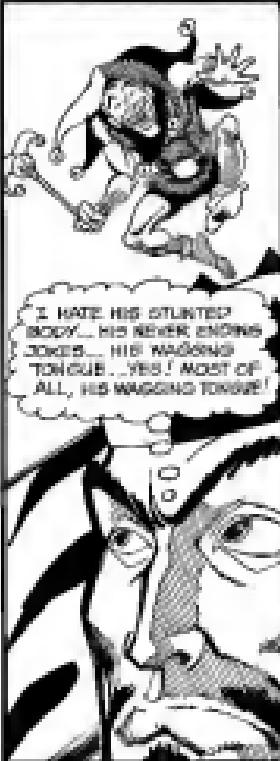
NOW THAT WE'VE COMPLETED THIS LITTLE OPERATION, KIDDIES, LET'S SWEEP ON INTO MY NEXT YELL WAREN?



THERE WAS ONCE A COURT JESTER WHOSE WIT AND ANTICS WERE A DELIGHT FOR ALL... ALL BUT ONE!



I HATE THE DWARF! HIS CONSTANT PROLIFIC... HIS CACKLING LAUGHTER... THE MONOTONOUS JINGLE OF HIS COSTUME'S BELLS...



I HATE HIS STUNTED BODY... HIS NEVER ENDING JOKES... HIS WAGGING TONGUE... YES! MOST OF ALL, HIS WAGGING TONGUE!



TITTERING AND POKING FUN BEHIND HIS... MY! HIS LORD AND MASTERS... RULER OF THE LAND! TIME I HAD DONE WITH THIS FOOL.

HEH, HEH... THAT'S SHOW BIZ IN THE DARK AGES, FIENDISH FANS! BUT STICK AROUND FOR THE REST OF THIS FEARFUL FABLE AND FIND OUT WHO HAS...

THE LAST LAUGH!



ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF YOUR PRANCING AND PROTELLA!... ENOUGH OF YOUR IDIOT GRINNING... BEHIND MY BACK YOU MOCK ME! ENOUGH!

BUT, DUDE MORFO... I JUST HAD TO SERVE YOU...



AFTER A FEW WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS, GLOCKEN WAS LED AWAY...DOWN DEEP...DEEP INTO THE BOWLS OF THE CASTLE...

YET NOT DEEP ENOUGH TO MUFFLE THE HIDEOUS SCREAM.



IT WAS THE LAST LAUGHTER TO BE HEARD FOR A LONG TIME . . .

...FOR EVEN AS THE DWARF'S BODY WAS CARRIED FROM THE BATTALION AND HURLED OVER THE RAMPARTS INTO THE WATER, BELOW, A DEEP MELANCHOLY SEEMED TO SETTLE OVER THE CASTLE...

AND WHEN LAUGHTER DID COME, IT SERVED TO PRICK AND HANG AT THE DUKE'S CONSCIENCE...



WITH EACH SUCCEEDING MONTH, THE FEAR OF GREY BORE HEAVIER, AND HEAVIER, ON MORDO...



UNTIL ULTIMATELY, IT WAS ENTIRELY FORBIDDEN...



THE CASTLE BECAME A PLACE OF FEARFUL QUIET... FEW SPOKE ABOVE A WHISPER... FEWER STILL DARED FACE THE DUKE...



MORDO'S SLEEP WAS UNEASY... AND FINALLY IN THE BLACKEST HOURS IT CRASED ENTIRELY...



DID HIS EYES PLAY TRICKS? DID HIS EARS DECEIVE? OR WAS THERE, AMONG THE SHADOWS... A PRESENCE?



LOUD TO THE FURTHEST REACHES OF THE CASTLE, THE DUKE'S VOICE ECHOED AND REVERBERATED, RISING TO A HYSTERICAL PITCH...



THE EAR-SHATTERING PEAL OF FORBIDDEN LAUGHTER, BROUGHT EVERYONE TO THE DUKE'S BEDROOM... BUT THEIR ARRIVAL FOUND HIM SILENT... SILENT AS ONLY THE DEAD CAN BE!



HIS BODY WAS WITHOUT SIGN OF VIOLENCE... INDEED, THE ONLY CHANGE WAS A HERCULES GRIN FROZEN ON MORDO'S DEAD FACE... A GRIN NOT SEEN BY ANYONE SINCE THE DAYS WHEN LAUGHTER WAS BROUGHT TO ALL BY GLUCKIN THE DWARF!



THE DUKE SPENDED LIKE A DRAS, BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT, HE TURNED OUT TO BE A LOTTA LAUGHS! DON'T FEEL SORRY, HE CAN ALWAYS GET MORE DOING TOUGH-FASTE COMMERCIALS! AND YOU CAN ALWAYS GET CHILLS WITH MY NEXT TERROR TIPSY!



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1973 MONSTERS



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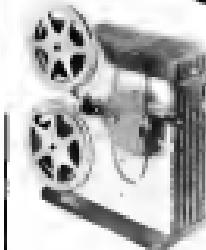
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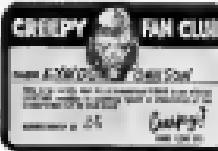
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